

## NYE IN THE NORTH.

How the Puget Sound Country Strikes Him.

### THE ASPIRATIONS OF ALFARITA.

Some Advice to Theatrical Amateurs—Scenery in a Famous Tunnel on the Northern Pacific Railway.

For THE SUNDAY HERALD. By special arrangement with the author.

ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

The star of empire never did a better thing than to take its way westward, and especially over this road, as it has lodged the blockade most effectually and is really the whitest route to the coast. Having paid full rates, I feel perfectly free to say this.

In the past three months I have pretty well done the boom towns. It is a good subject to study. For several years most all kinds of stocks, especially horned stocks, have failed to declare dividends. Railroads especially, owing to close com-



"I STOPPED THERE ONCE."

petition and the great monumental folly known as the Interstate Commerce law, a legislative joke with which, on it, a local gag to get votes and break up business, have made dividends small. What we are pleased to call politics in America is really the funniest and still the most serious thing in the history of the republic. How best to be re-elected is the great question of legislation, not how best to deserve it. The country and the state may go to grass, but the fall elections must be looked out for.

I started out to say, however, that the new northwest, and especially the Puget sound country, is the great country. Half a dozen cities are growing up like asparagus in the moist London air of the sound. The prosperity of one does not hurt the prosperity of another. The more business there is for the sound the better it is for all. Nearly all the transcontinental roads are already there. Five railways at least are represented, and Asiatic trade will soon turn that way. The Northern Pacific, with its Wisconsin Central, makes a direct connection with Chicago, and so successfully competes with any other transcontinental road. The scenery on either road is poor enough, I think, and the corporation that banks on its views is doing a poor business. A tunnel especially is a disappointment. You talk about the tunnel for days before you get there, and when you arrive how said you are. The kerosene lamps smoke all the way through, and the young lady who sat near you before you got to the tunnel goes over and sits in another seat. I think the tunnel is very much overestimated; also open to criticism at both ends.

I learned with great sorrow this spring that the hotel at Wallula had been burned. I stopped there once and suffered all of one night. I remember especially the other occupants of the room. They had not registered, but they were there. They were not transients and they did not have to register. A friend of mine who was a good man also stopped there. He could not sleep, so he put in the night killing insects. In the morning the chambermaid found on the wall, pinned up like a motto, these words constructed of deceased bed bugs:

#### THIS INDEED IS BEEL.

He was a good man, but he was thoroughly sincere. He was what you might call an outspoken man, and said what he thought at all times. He was an eccentric man also. An Englishman once asked him about our constitution. "I am told," said he, "that God is not in your constitution." "No," said this plain man, "he is not in it." It was slang, but expressive.

By the way, theatrical managers and lecture bureaus have some queer experiences also. The following is a true copy of a letter sent to a manager this year, the name alone being suppressed:

March 22 1890  
"Major Junius Brutus Pond Union Square New York

"Dear Sir—I wish to inform you that I am a Writer, Lecturer, and Musician. I have written a lecture entitled 'Society and Common Sense' it is not wrote merely to show of an Elocutionary Power but is meant to do much good among people in the High & low class of life claiming more recognition and Socialism than at present.

"Bringing up the customs of our Forefathers the Example of Noble Statesmen the Wrongs that is Daily inflicted on the Hiring class of labor with much comment on the struggles to Attain Society with many thrilling and startling Facts and laughable Anecdotes. It is by no means a dry or Prosy lecture but conveys many Grand Ideas to the lofty minds it is also like lit up with Fire and Pathos and just Spice Enough, too Season it I can see no reason why it should Fail to please or Draw crowded Houses.

"I will give you a Brief Sketch of my own Life and hope you will not consider me Egotistic.

"I am a young widow A Lady of Culture Education and Refinement and Wealth I would like to here from you, your manner of Doing business, What salary you would pay to such a person and if you pay traveling expenses Hotel bills or Furnish Lithographs or circulars or Door Tickets also will be pleased to hear from you soon on the matter. If you do the Advertising yourself I will give you a History to Copy from. Address

"Mrs. ALFARITA BOWLES

"Allick, Indiana.

"P.S. I can give you Reference in Regards of Standing if you Wish.

"A. B."

I have given a fictitious name and address, because it would be hardly fair to

boon the lady through these columns without the consent of the editor.

She also adds: "I am an American by Birth with the Blue blood of Irish nobility in my veins and in appearance quite prepossessing. My Occupation is a Music teacher of Piano organ and Voice. I am blessed with a high soprano Voice causing 4 notes above Second C with ease and Equality. My Voice is full and Rich in volume with a sweet flute like tone, and will fill any house or hall. I have Wrote Several Books both verse and prose. Namely love in a Cottage Cast adrift Starlight, Bees on the Waves Waiting & Return When Carrie Married. My friends advised me write to your address & see what inducements you would hold out in regards to my lecture on Society and Common Sense.

"A. B."

Looking over this little wayside violet's sweet, flute like tones and fortissimo Capitals, one would naturally Congratulate the American people on the Chance it may soon have to hear a person who is quite prepossessing, having Veins also with dark blue imported blood into them. Mrs. Bowles has a great field before her. She can lecture for some of the young local societies who have been so bitterly disappointed in Holmes, Beecher and Ingersoll. Taking her sweet, flute like voice in a shawl strap, she can go from point to point, emitting her lecture on "Society and Common Sense" to a lost and undone world.

I would be glad to subscribe for a box, poor as I am. If I could cause 4 notes above Second C with Ease and Equality, where only one had grown before, I would not remain longer in obscurity. I would soar above mediocrity and do much good. She says it is by no means a Dry or Prosy lecture, but conveys many grand ideas to the lofty minds. She might have trouble, however, in getting enough lofty minds at some points to pay her bills. Lofty minds do not always attend a lecture of this kind, but frequently stay at home evenings and read the county paper. If we could only make an appeal to the Lofty Mind that would jerk it from its lair on nights when lectures all lit up with Fire and Pathos are to be heard, it would be a good thing for all.

In fancy I can now see Mrs. Bowles dressing in the baggage car, as the train is late, and as she arranges her toilet behind the peanutter's tin trunk, softly saying over her crisp little piece lit up with fire and pathos. Later on I see her trying to find the stage entrance to the rink. It is locked. It always is locked. After twenty-seven Scene Shifters and Narcotic Supes have gained entrance they carefully lock the door, and while quenching the fire with their salivary surplus they read "Punko Pete, the Dire Disemboweler of Dead Man's Gulch."

Hunting through the alley for the door, she steps in a mortar bed with her dress suit. I then hear her make a few selections, causing 4 notes above second C on third floor. When she goes in at last I hear her heart fall as she sees a few beaming browsed men with their hats on, who have come because they owned a vacant saloon in which lithographs had been inserted in exchange for tickets.

Again I see her tossing on a hot pillow, afraid to see the morning and the papers. Finally she nerves herself and buys them. A sob arises in the throat of Mrs. Bowles as she discovers that only one of the papers speaks of her lecture, and that one says:

"Mrs. Bowles, the misguided lecturer on 'Society and Common Sense,' appeared in her other dress last evening before Eli Pangborn and Seth Bloomington for an hour with a composition which would scare a horse to death. Mrs. Bowles has a good lithograph, and when you say that, you have said it.

"P.S.—She can get extra copies of this issue of the paper for advertising purposes at five cents each. We do not know whose lithograph she is using."

Anon I see her also walking down the street enjoying her bright new lithograph, which carries a "cut" of tobacco in each eye, or wears bright red whiskers and a purple nose. Mrs. Bowles has a bright and beautiful experience ahead of her if she only knew it. Lofty Minds are not thirsting for scathing lectures on society. Lofty Minds might like to see you, Alfarita, if you have killed several



ENJOYING HER LITHOGRAPH.

husbands and escaped. If you had done as much in the elevating business as Sitting Bull, you might do well, but, having done nothing worse than to assassinate the English language, a good lithograph alone will not crowd your Halls with Lofty Minds. There will be nights when two or three lofty minds will be all you can scare up.

Your books also must have been published very surreptitiously indeed, for I have not saw any of them. Possibly you have the same man who imagines that he is publishing a book for me. If so, I beg your pardon. You could commit almost any kind of a crime and then, if you let him publish it, your secret would be safe.

You will find, if you persist in lecturing, that some people will be disappointed in you, but remember even great men have disappointed also. Speaking of Dr. Holmes, one of his audience said there was no use talking, he'd rather read after Holmes than to set under him.

Having now given a very thorough account of Puget sound, I will close this letter, hoping, however, to add still more facts at another time.

I must this afternoon go and pay for a bright new torn autograph album with a music box in the hind part of it, which volume was sent to me for my indorsement, and pending my signature the said album was stolen from my room. It is pretty tough, to say the least. Writing an autograph is a trivial affair, but to become the custodian of a valuable collection and then have to replace it, signatures, music box and all, is not what it is cracked up to be.

This interesting series of articles on

Puget sound will be continued next week.

Bill Nye  
P. S.—Any one returning a bronze plush autograph album which plays "Little Annie Rooney" to my address will never regret it. The album, besides my name, contains those of Dr. Talmage and Steve Brodie.  
B. N.

Marvelous Resources of Science.

"Haven't you any glasses that will magnify more than these?" asked the customer. "I travel on the night train on the Chicago and East."

"My dear sir," said the optician, hastily replacing the tray of spectacles in the showcase, "if you want something to enable you to see the lamps in a Chicago suburban train this is the only thing we have that will fill the bill."

And he lifted out a four foot telescope.

—Chicago Tribune.

A Mean Sell.



De Briggs—What are you trying to do, Gibbs?

Gibbs—New trick. Trying to drop that copper off my nose into the funnel.

De Briggs—Huh! That's easy. Lemme try it.



(De Briggs tries it.)

—Puck.

How He Judged Greatness.

Timmy Riley (peeping through the fence)—Golly, fella, guess who's shakin' hands wid Mike Kelly? President Harrison, or I'm a liar.

Jimmy Murphy (rapturously)—Jingo! But mustn't do president feel proud!—Lawrence American.

Out of Patients.

Friend (to young doctor)—I should think you would get out of patience, sitting here alone all day.

Young Doctor—I do; but then what is the use? A man must have patients to get along in this business, you know.

—Lowell Citizen.

Stuck to His Text.

"Pity a poor blind man with a large family!" cried a wayside beggar. "And how many children have you, unfortunate man?" asked a lady in great concern.

"How can I tell, madam? I can't see 'em."—Judge.

Not Lost.

Anxious Traveler—Boatman, are persons ever lost in this river?

Boatman—Oh, no, sir. My brother was drowned here last week, but we found him the next day.—Journal of Education.

The Proper Place for It.

Assistant Editor—Here is a very clean little poem, entitled "On an Empty Stomach." Where shall we put it?

Editor—Oh, I guess we had better put it on our inside.—Burlington Free Press.

Illustrated.

"Did you ever notice, Hokus, the fashion men have of saying 'Is that so?' after they're told anything? They all do it."

"Is that so?"—Philadelphia Times.

Gaity.

"Smithers was arrested for running off with Bronson's daughter."

"Eloping isn't a crime."

"No; but miss-appropriation is."—Harper's Bazar.

He Was a Believer.

Mrs. Omens—Do you believe in signs, Mr. D'Auber?

Mr. D'Auber—Yes, indeed! I paint 'em.—Puck.

An Early Bird.

Jimmy (aged six)—Our baby's cut a tooth.

Johnny (aged seven)—That's nuthin'; my little brother's got worms.—Judge.

Doubted Him.

He—Why, I love you so much, Ethel, that I'd die for you if you'd marry me.

She—I'd marry you if I believed it.—New York Sun.

Chicagoans for One Thing.

New Yorker—Have you seen the "Merchant of Venice"?

Chicago Man—No; what does he sell?—Life.

His Performance.

Poseyboy—Miss Sweetiepie, I am all in the dark about you.

Miss Sweetiepie (cooly)—I wonder you don't match the usual privilege, then.—Burlington Free Press.

A Grave Duty.

"Is there a duty on buttons?"

"Certainly."

"What is it?"

"To keep trousers up."—Lawrence American.

Hard Luck.

Her hazel eyes were, O so clear;

Her little self was, O so dear;

Her pointing lips were, O so near;

A saint could not resist her.

Her little finger lay in mine;

Her golden hair, so soft and fine,

I dilled with. Now be benign

If I confess I kissed her.

I felt her sweet breath fan my cheek;

So happy I I could not speak;

I wished each second were a week;

Al! but the time seemed fleeting.

I longed for just one moment's bliss;

For just one clinging, long drawn kiss.

I didn't take it!—Roscoe! This!

I confess I had been eating!

—Lawrence American.

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4 1/2x9 rods, 3 1/2 blocks north of Tabernacle block, east front.....\$ 4  
100 acres land west side of valley.....\$1 00  
2 acres adjoining city on the north, with small house.....\$ 5

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40 acre farm, one mile from Z. C. M. L., improved.....\$4 25  
Lot 5x15, three blocks from bank, near Main.....\$1 25  
Lot 4 1/2x15, 4-roomed house, two blocks east of depot.....\$1 50  
Lot 23x103 feet, one-half block west from bank, per foot.....\$ 15

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